

CUMBERLAND'S
No. 27. MINOR THEATRE, Pr. 6d
 BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

A Day after the Fair :

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS,
 BY C. A. SOMERSET,
 Author of *Sylvanna. Yes! Crazy Jane. Shakespeare's
 Early Days, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY
With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,
 By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
 formed in the MERTROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

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 BY Mr. BONNER,
 from
 A Drawing taken in the Theatre
 by
 Mr. R CRUIKSHANK.



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A Day after the Fair.

Jerry. Then, with this blunderbuss I'll blow Clod's brains out.

Act I. Scene 1.

A DAY AFTER THE FAIR :

A FARCE,

In Two Acts,

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LONDON :

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BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.

REMARKS.

A Day after the Fair.

If it be possible to convert a purgatory into a paradise, and *make* the happiness we do not *find*, how much easier is it to effect the contrary, and create the disturbance.—If we select a snug retreat, we find so many to admire our taste, and covet our acquaintance, that a modern hermitage draws together as many pilgrims as erst the shrine of our Lady of Loretto; and, though our vanity may be flattered, it is at the expense of our peace and parterres. The *Leasowes* were to Shenstone, not *exactly* the Vale of Tempe—cockney Curiosos, and the harpies of the law, were too often the fawns and fairies of those sylvan scenes, which *should* for ever have been sacred to contemplation and the muse. No man who delights in “cool grot and mossy cell,” would erect his *Tusculum* over an oven, next door to a pewterer’s; and the enthusiast in rural scenery, will pause ere he rusticate in an alley (however immortalized by Pope and Harry Carey), where the utmost circumference of *sky* half a crown would eclipse:—

“The wide unbounded prospect lies before me,
But *darkness, clouds, and shadows* rest upon it!”

A chorus of ballad-singers is but an indifferent accompaniment to the song of the nightingale; and a drum rolled smartly under our window is quite another thing to “those evening bells,” awakening in us a pleasing melancholy. Even brick-kilns and a steam-engine are not desirable in a region of pure air, yet the spirit of adventure carries them into the vales of Arcady; and a retired citizen drinking his own *vine* under his own fig-tree, is unpleasantly reminded of the pestilential fumes of St. George’s Fields, mingled with the no less noxious exhalations of the patent shot manufactory. Swift, in his usual *delicate* style, has shown us in what way the *button* secures his mess to himself; and a country

gentleman, "whose kitchen vies in coolness with his grot," is not likely to be troubled with many visitors, unless they inherit the *chameleon's* quality, and diet upon *air*. A malicious neighbour shutting out your favourite prospect with a brick wall, or introducing a village schoolmaster into the *penetralia* of your retirement, reduces its value at least one half. Even the abutment of a bow-window, darkening your daylight, is no improvement to property; and, if you *can* keep a respectable distance from a soap manufactory, it will argue better for your *taste*, to say nothing of your *smell*. Every one is familiar with the Joe-Miller story of the Irish co-partner in a barn, giving notice to his brother shareholder of his intention to set *his* half on fire; and a joke is related of John Kemble jumping over the head of his landlord, to procure a friendly ejection, and a quittance for rent! Thus, at this early period of his professional career, did this great actor illustrate his favourite bard!

"Our fortune lies
Upon this *jump*!"

These remarks are not irrelevant to "A Day after the Fair."—Jerry is deputed by his master, Mr. Sterling, to repair to Whirligig Hall, to make an offer for its purchase: he resolves to combine pleasure with business, and spends three days at the *races*, ere he thinks of executing his commission; in the meantime, Mr. Zacharias Fidget, a retired stockbroker, had stepped in, and secured to himself *nine* parts of the law, by taking *possession*; Jerry, therefore, arrives a day after the fair; he is tormented with the three-fold consequences of his neglect—the loss of his *bargain*, his *place*, and his *wife*; for Polly, the *locum tenens* of the cottage, was to have blessed him with her fair hand, and, in the event of the purchase, the happy couple were to have been domiciled at Whirligig Hall. Mr. Fidget is highly pleased with his bargain—the cottage is so compact, the grounds so retired, inviting, as it were, to good living and contemplation, that he sits down with the self-complacency of one who has half a century of enjoyment before him. Love is now put to its *derniere chemise*—is there no way of inducing Mr. Fidget to relinquish his bargain?—*Nous verrons*:—The late 'Squire Whirligig was a stage-struck amateur, and had fitted up a private theatre at the back of his cottage. From the wardrobe, Polly, who had occa-

sionally figured away as a heroine, undertakes to furnish dresses, to enable Jerry and herself to personate a round of characters that may contribute to the annoyance of Mr. Fidget. Jerry opens in the part of a drunken cobbler; proposes to have a set-to with the man, Clod; apologizes for his abrupt departure, but promises to return and spend the evening with his new neighbour, having no sort of objection to live on *familiar terms* with him. Then comes Polly, as a musical washer-woman, to whom the late 'squire had granted the permission of hanging her clothes upon his trees to dry, reminding us of the story of *Catharine Hayes*, who did the *same kind office* to her husband's quarters. She enters into a variety of domestic detail, complains of the ruinous rivalry of the steam-washing company, and pleads in behalf of her *seventeen* poor babes. This is pretty well.—A series of inflictions follow: Jerry, as a vociferous ballad-singer, with a troop of ragged minstrels, all screaming to the tune of the *Hungry-an Waltz*—as an Irish drummer-boy, practising his probationary rolls; and Polly, as Mrs. Maypole, a ballet-dancer and tragedy queen. Then Jerry, again, as Mademoiselle Dumplino, a *prima-donna*, three feet and a half high, and as Octavius Moonshine, a maniac, puts the finishing-stroke to Mr. Fidget's nerves. He raves at this succession of nuisances, planted in the very heart of his retreat; when the appearance of his tormentor in *propria persona*, affords him an opportunity of getting rid of his troublesome purchase. The cottage had cost him a thousand pounds: he offers it to Jerry, with all its numerous incumbents (cobblers, ballad-singers, and madmen), for eight hundred; the bargain is struck; the two hundred pounds saved, are presented to the lovers by Mr. Sterling as a marriage portion; and, to crown the joke, Fidget is put up to the trick that has been played upon him, a day after the fair.

Extravagance is the soul of farce; and this piece by no means lacks the *vital* principle. Master Burke, in the various characters he had to sustain, gave extraordinary evidence of precocious talent. His *Timothy Thumpwell* and *Mademoiselle Dumplino* were extremely good. Mr. W. H. Williams played the same part with great humour.

Costume.

OLD FIDGET.—Claret-coloured coat—buff waistcoat—black silk breeches—silk stockings—shoes.

Mr. STERLING.—Blue coat—white waistcoat—pantaloons—boots.

JERRY.—*First dress* : Drab livery, with red collar—black hat, with silver twist—*Second dress* : As a cobbler.—*Third dress* : As an old female ballad-singer.—*Fourth dress* : A drummer's regimental suit.—*Fifth dress* : Yellow silk gown—very large Leghorn bonnet, with flowers—black silk stockings—black shoes—opera-glass, &c.—*Sixth dress* : Old black velvet suit—black long loose hair—open collar—silk stockings—shoes.—*Seventh dress* : Livery, as at first.

CLOD.—Brown coat—flowered waistcoat—leather breeches—blue worked stockings—small black hat—shoes and buckles.

POLLY.—*First dress* : Coloured cotton gown—white neckkerchief—apron—white cotton stockings—black shoes.—*Second dress* : Old shabby gown—green petticoat—checked apron—blue stockings—black shoes and buckles.—*Third dress* : Fashionablerich satin, &c.—*Fourth dress* : As at first.

Cast of the Characters.

As Performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.

	Sadler's Wells.	Surry, 1830.
<i>Old Fidget.</i>	Mr. Lancaster.	Mr. Williams.
<i>Mr. Sterling.</i>	Mr. Starmer.	Mr. Monk.
<i>Jerry, his servant, who assumes the characters of Sam Wax, a drunken cobbler; Susan Squall, an itinerant ballad singer; Timothy Thumpwell, a drummer; Mademoiselle Dumplino, a French songstress three feet and a half high; and Octavius Moonshine, a maniac</i>	Mr. W. H. Williams.	Master Burke.
<i>Abraham Clod, servant to old Fidget</i>	Mr. Wyatt.	Mr. Rayner.
<i>Polly, servant to Fidget, who assumes the characters of Susan Scrub, a washerwoman; and Mrs. Maypole, a theatrical managress</i>	Miss Stuart.	Mrs. Vale.

A DAY AFTER THE FAIR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A neat modern Cottage, L.—Pleasant rural Environs, with the Village Church in the distance—an arbour, table, and chairs, R.*

Enter CLOD, at the gate, c., with dusty boots, &c., and a bundle on a stick.

Clod. Well, here I be, then, at last, after all my disappointments. Up I comes post haste to Lunnun, leaving the good folks in Devonshire to take care o' themselves, all in hopes of getting a good snug place in some great gentleman's family. But cousin Bob says I be too clownish, and round-shouldered, and sheep-faced, to wait upon fine ladies: besides, I ha'n't gotten impudence enough to please the Lunnuners. So, off he sends me down here, to sarve a musty old bachelor in this poor lonesome village. Egad! one might as well live among the sheep on Salisbury Plain. This be the house, mayhap; so I'll e'en knock and see what sort of a Christian an old bachelor is. [Knocks.

Enter POLLY, from the cottage, L.

Polly. (L.) Well, young man, what's your pleasure?

Clod. (c.) Pleasure! Lord love your sweet pratty black eyes, I ha'n't known what pleasure was, ever since I parted from my sweetheart, Peggy Plumtree.

Polly. But 'twas you who knocked at the door, wasn't it?

Clod. Ees, miss, 'twas I myself, sure enow; Abraham Clod, at your service. [Bows.

Polly. Well, and what do you want, pray?

Clod. Lord love ye, a great many things—but first and foremost, I wants to know if one Mr. Thingumbob lives here. *[Taking out a letter, and giving it to Polly.]* There, miss; I dare say you can read the direction, for I ha' forgotten the name.

Polly. Why, this letter is directed to my new master, Mr. Zacharias Fidget.

Clod. Muster Zacharias Fidget! Oh, sure enough, that be the very name. Lord! what would I but give, if I could read such hard words without spelling?

Polly. And pray, young man, what's your business?

Clod. Why, I tends the pigs, and feeds the poultry, and milks the cows, and goes to plough; then I be, besides, a hedger and ditcher; and in summer-time I generally goes a hay making.

Polly. You do not seem to understand my meaning: I wish to know what is your business with my master?

Clod. Oh, bless your sloe-black eyes! why, I be the new footman that's come down—a neat, tidy, smartish young man, be'nt I? 'Twas cousin Bob sent I here.

Polly. Oh, you are our new servant! [*Aside.*] And a precious commodity you are, too.

Clod. Ees, miss; and I can see, by your squinting so roguishly, that you ha' taken a sort of a liking to me already; and, indeed, I always was a desperate chap amongst the wenches—but 'twont do, my dear; for if you hang yourself up in your garters for love o' me, I can't help you, seeing as how I be promised to Peggy Plumtree, and I loves her as dearly as ducks do dirty weather.

Polly. Oh, pray don't be alarmed, Master Clod—I shall not fall in love with you, depend upon it. [*Old Fidget heard coughing within the cottage.*] But here comes the old gentleman, my master. So introduce yourself—he has been inquiring after you several times.

Enter OLD FIDGET, from the cottage, L.

Fid. (L.) What is all this noise and gossiping about? [*To Polly.*] Hav'nt I told you repeatedly, young woman, I cannot bear disturbance of any kind? I never suffer visitors to come dangling after my servants. If your former master permitted you to act thus, I will not. You are too noisy and talkative for me—my poor nerves can't bear it.

Polly. [*Crossing to him.*] La! sir, you needn't be so snappish—I sha'nt be here long to talk to you.

Fid. Very true; but as I must, of course, pay you your quarter's wages, you'll stay till your time is up. Then Betty the cook and yourself both quit my cottage.

Polly. I don't care a farthing if I go now, I assure

you, sir : 'tis no very great pleasure to live with such a nervous, fidgety old bachelor as you. [*Exit into cottage.*]

Clod. [*Bowing and scraping.*] Sarvant, sir!

Fid. Not so loud. Who are you, young man, and what's your business with me?

Clod. Why, sir, be'nt you the old chap as wants I?

Fid. Old chap, indeed!

Clod. My cousin Bob, that's footman to Lord Leather-head, gave I this letter for you. [*Gives the letter.*]

Fid. Not so loud! softly, young man. [*Looks at the letter.*] Why, you dirty brute, what a pickle it's in!

Clod. It be rather mucky, sure enough—for I happened to drop it i' the mire, as I was getting over a stile—but I really don't know how it came to get pickled, sir. [*Loud.*]

Fid. Softly, softly, I say. [*Reads the letter silently.*] So—I see—yes, it's all right: so your name is Clod, eh?

Clod. Clod A? No, sir, my name be'nt Clod A, but A. Clod—Abraham Clod, at your sarvice. [*Bows.*]

Fid. Well, Clod, I shall take you into my service, provided you promise to be honest, industrious, and, above all things, quiet and sober. So now mind what I'm going to say to you.

Clod. [*Loud.*] Ees, sir.

Fid. Not so loud!

Clod. Noa, zur.

Fid. Yes, sir, and no, sir—pscha! you're a stupid cub, I fear; but be attentive, now, to what I'm going to say. You must know, young man, I am troubled with an unfortunate nervous debility, and must therefore have every thing done gently and quietly: moreover, next to tranquillity, I prize economy—never be wasteful, d'ye hear? Cloddy, my boy, always be sure to take care of number one.

Enter JERRY, at the gate, c.

Jerry. (L.) Well, here I am, then, at last. [*Slaps Old Fidget violently on the shoulder.*] How are you, my old boy, eh?

Fid. (c.) [*Starting.*] Who the devil are you, sir? and how dare you take such a liberty with me?

Jerry. Sir, I meant no harm, I assure you; but merely wish to make a few inquiries concerning this cottage, which my master has sent me down to purchase.

Fid. Indeed ! And who is your master, pray ?

Jerry. Mr. Stirling, sir ; and, no doubt, you are the old steward entrusted with the lease and care of the house—and, as I am furnished with the means of taking it off your hands, I dare say we shall agree.

[Takes out a pocket-book with notes.]

Fid. To take me for an old steward ! the impertinent coxcomb ! I'd have you to know, Mr. Brazenface, that I am no old steward—but Mr. Zacharias Fidget, late of Pudding Lane, London : this house and estate both belong to me by lawful purchase. An old steward, indeed ! Clod, I say, rid me of that impudent puppy, and then follow me in-doors. Tell him, if he's come to purchase this cottage, it is too late, for he's come a day after the fair. To take me for an old steward !

[Exit into the cottage.]

Clod. *[Crosses to L., speaking very softly, as his master ordered him.]* My measter says as how, if your measter sent you to buy this cottage, you may go home again about your business, for you be come a day after the fair.

Jerry. (R.) *[Imitating him.]* Whis ! whis ! whis ! Why, what the mischief makes you whisper so ? Have you got a cold ? Can't you speak up, Mr. Bumpkin ?

Clod. *[Loud and angrily.]* My name's not Bumpkin, but Abraham Clod. *[Softly, recollecting himself.]* And I mustn't shout, for fear I should astonish my measter's misfortunate narvous agility. *[Exit into the cottage, L.]*

Jerry. This news has astonished my nervous agility, as you call it, Mr. Clod, at any rate. A pretty business ! What will my master, Mr. Sterling, say, when he hears of it ? Had I not stopped on the road to see those cursed races, all would have been well. But now—what is to be done ? I shall lose the best place in the world, and my dear Polly the best of husbands.

Enter POLLY, from the house, L.

Polly. (L.) Indeed ! really, you've a very high opinion of yourself.

Jerry. (R.) What ! my dear Polly ! is that you ? how glad I am to see you ? *[Going to kiss her.]*

Polly. Softly, sir, if you please—keep your distance ! I'm very angry with you. Didn't you write me word that your master, Mr. Sterling, had given you the money to purchase this cottage—that he had consented to our

marriage—and that we should both be very comfortably situated here at Whirligig Hall?

Jerry. All very true, Polly; but, by some strange infatuation, I was induced to delay three days on the road to see the races, and now find, to my sorrow, that I've not only lost some pounds out of my pocket, but also the chance of purchasing this charming little cottage for my master.

Polly. Yes, indeed, clever Mr. Jerry; you are come a day after the fair.

Jerry. And, what's worse, I shall lose my place, and a good wife, and all my future family of little chubby boys and girls. And—oh, cruel fate! good by, dear Polly.

[*Going, R.*]

Polly. Why, where are you going to in such a hurry?

Jerry. To hang myself, Polly.

Polly. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! You surely wouldn't be such a fool! Suppose you first try some scheme to induce old Fidget to give up his bargain again: if that fails, you can but hang yourself after all, you know—there'll be plenty of time for that.

Jerry. (R.) Very true, Polly. Ah! you are no doubt so comfortable here, that you don't much care what becomes of me.

Polly. (L.) Comfortable! quite the contrary. When my late master, 'Squire Whirligig, died, I was, as you know, left here in charge of the cottage, until it was sold, which took place yesterday. That nervous, fidgetty old gentleman, you saw here just now, was the purchaser. He is such a disagreeable old fellow, and so fond of retirement, that I verily believe he intends living here by himself—for he has given me and Betty the cook notice to quit, merely for talking too much and too loud for his weak nerves; which, you know, is a most vile calumny, for I never talk.

Jerry. No, never, my dear, never.

Polly. Now, in revenge for his thus injuring my character, and doubting my discretion, if you can devise any plan to make him tired of the cottage, and wish to sell it again, I'll assist you to the utmost of my power.

Jerry. You will! thanks, dearest Polly! But what plan? Egad! I have it: I'll go down into the village, get a hundred people together, and we'll have a boxing-match, a bull-bait, and a donkey-race, just under the old fellow's nose.

Polly. Psha! that will never do, Jerry. You'll scarcely find a hundred people in the whole village; besides, they've something else to do. But hark'ye: my master, the late 'Squire Whirligig, was most passionately fond of theatricals—so much so, that he had a little private theatre fitted up at the back of the cottage: a great part of the wardrobe is still in my possession; and what, now, if we were——

Jerry. To personate a few characters, and work upon old Fidget's nervous system a bit.

Polly. Exactly so.

Jerry. A capital plan. But suppose, after all, Polly, our acting should prove unsuccessful.

Polly. Never fear: we can but do our best—and I'm sure the prospect before us is well worth trying for. [To the audience.] We have both acted before now with tolerable success—and I trust our humble efforts will please on the present occasion. So, come along, Jerry, and fortune befriend us. [Exeunt, through the gates, c.]

Enter OLD FIDGET, from the cottage, L.

Fid. A snug, comfortable little cottage, as ever I'd wish to live in; and I think I've choused old Sterling out of his bargain nicely. He must get up betimes who would overreach Zacharias Fidget, of Pnddiug Lane, stock-broker, now retired on a good fortune. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! I know well what I'm about. But, apropos: my predecessor, the late 'squire, seen to have had a strange passion for the stage. Ridiculous nonsense! to turn a private house into a Theatre, and make it the rendezvous of all sorts of company. No, no—that won't do for me.

Enter CLOD, slowly, from the cottage, L., and comes down on tiptoe, close to Old Fidget's right ear.

Fid. I want no company—that's too expensive; I live in quiet, without the least interruption or disturbance, is all I desire. What, ho! Clod, I say! Clod!

Clod. (R.) [Forgetting himself, answers very loud.] Here I be, zur!

Fid. (L.) [Starts, amazed.] Oh, my poor nerves! How dare you shout so loud, you scoundrel? You'll be the death of me.

Clod. Ees, zur! noa, zur, I mean.

Fid. Be more careful in future, young man—consider

my nerves ; be attentive, and I'll make the place well worth your while. Here, take this key, go down into the cellar, and draw me a jug of nice mild ale—I fancy 'twill do my poor nerves good : but be careful, Clod—don't waste a drop—economy is the first of all virtues ; always look to number one--d'ye hear, Cloddy ? number one.

Clod. Ees, zur, I will take good care o' number one. [*Aside.*] Dash my buttons ! but I'll have a jug of nice mild ale for myself, too—I'm sartin 'twill do my narvous agility no harm. [*Exit into the cottage, L.*

Fid. [*Sitting down near the arbour.*] Thanks to my indefatigable industry, I have gained the summit of my wishes : a good round fortune, a rural retreat, with peace and quietness.

Enter JERRY, as a drunken Cobbler, R. U. E., with a jug of beer in one hand, and a long strap in the other, singing.

AIR.—JERRY.

I've been drinking, I've been drinking
With a score of jolly men ;
And I'm reeling, and I'm reeling,
To my cottage back again.
I've been roaring, I've been roaring,
Like a bull that's got a pain
In his stomach ; and I'm reeling
To my lapstone back again.

Fid. (R.) [*Rising.*] Begone, sirrah ! Who the devil are you, and what business have you here ?

Jerry. (c.) Who am I ? I'll tell ye, my old codger : my name's Sam Wax ; I'm the sober [*Hiccups.*], industrious cobbler, what lives in the village, hard by ; formerly, I was a preacher [*Hiccups.*]—but latterly I've left off all my evil ways [*Hiccups.*] ; though I still continues to be a mender of soles. My sarvice to you, my old chap. [*Drinks.*

Fid. Old chap ! Why, thou audacious, drunken beast ! Begone, I say ! before I order my servant Clod to horsewhip and kick you out.

Jerry. [*Crosses to R.*] What's that you say, old quiz ? Horsewhip me ! kick me ! Do you see this strap ? This is what I keeps order with at home—if ever my wife, Mrs. Margery Wax, presumes to dispute my authority, --whack ! goes the strap across her shoulders—just so --and she submits in a moment.

[*Strikes Old Fidget across the shoulders violently.*

Fid. (L.) Murder! assault! battery! Clod, come here directly, and rescue me from the fangs of this monster. What, ho! Clod, I say!

Jerry. Clod! and who cares for Mr. Clod? [*Strips off his jacket as if to fight.*] I'll fight Mr. Clod, or you either, for a hundred pounds, any day: so come on, my old chap—only stand like a man till I knock you down. [*He follows Fidget, who with difficulty avoids him.*] Well, some other time, when you're more in the humour for it; we'll have a regular set-to, for I must be going now, but I shall be here again in the afternoon: I always used to come here and see the late amiable 'Squire Whirligig. Many's the pipe and pot we had together in yonder pleasant arbour—and I'm sure I've not the least objection to live on familiar terms with you, too. Come, now, no animosity; here, take a drop.

[*Crosses to L.—In offering old Fidget the jug to drink out of, he pours some of the beer over him.*]

Fid. Begone, I say.

Jerry. Good by, my old chap; you may expect me again about three o'clock, to spend the evening with you. [*Sings.*

I've been drinking, I've been drinking,
Near a sly old fox's den;
And I'm reeling, and I'm reeling,
To my lapstone back again.

[*Exit, singing, R. U. E.*]

Fid. Surely, such an uncultivated brute was never seen before—but I'll send for a constable.

Enter POLLY, R. U. E., as a washerwoman, with a large basket of linen on her head, which she hangs on the trees while singing.

"Vill you come to the bower, I have shaded for you?
Your bed shall be roses, all spangled with dew;
Vill you, vill you, vill you, vill you come to the bower?
Vill you, vill you, vill you, vill you come to the bower?"

Fid. Why, what the mischief! another nuisance! oh, my nerves!

Polly. [*Seeing Fidget.*] Ah, a very good morning to your worship! a fine day, ar'nt it?—So, you are the new old gentleman, I suppose, what's come to live here, at Virligig Hall. Your honour's most hearty welcome.

[*Courtesies.*]

Fid. Oh, my poor nerves! I verily shall run mad.

What the mischief do you want here, madam?—Who are you?

Polly. My name, arn't please your vorship, is Sukey Scrub: I'm a poor vasherwoman, left a widow with seventeen helpless children. I lives in a cottage hard by, and the late amiable 'Squire Viriligig, he gave me leave to dry all my linen here, seeing as how I was ruined in London.

Fid. Plague take the woman! But what have I to do with all this?—I'm not the cause of your misfortunes—yet say, who was it ruined you in London, as you term it?

Polly. It was the Steam-Vashing Company, an't please your vorship: before those very respectable gentlemen made vashervomen o' themselves, I had plenty of customers; but depend upon it, says I, them what robs the horphan and the widow of their honest livelihood, vill never prosper; and since these gentlemen have so far demeaned themselves as to dabble in soap and vater, my life on't, says I, their famous steam-vashing company vill end in a bubble at 'ast, and so it has.

Fid. No disrespectful language here, madam, if you please, against the Steam-Washing Company, or any other—how do you know but I might have been one of the directors myself?

Polly. If you vas, then I should say you're no better than an old vashervoman, too. [*Goes to look after her linen.*]

Fid. An old washerwoman! [*Polly sings, L.*]

Vill you, vill you, vill you, vill you, come to the bower?

Fid. Yes, I will come to the bower; 'tis my favourite retreat: and I insist upon it that you instantly pack up your wet linen and be gone.

Polly. Vat, and starve with my seventeen helpless children! No, I'm sure you don't mean what you say. You can't be so cruel. Ah! I sec goodness and compassion beaming from those sweet little roguish black eyes of yours. [*Coaxing.*] Besides, you are such a nice little old gentleman, that I did hope to have you for a customer. Bless you, I vashed seven years for the late 'Squire Viriligig.

Fid. Curse the woman and her Whirligig! she'll drive me mad! And is there no other place where you can dry your linen, but just here in my arbour?

Polly. Vhy, yes, your vorship; there's one of the

neighbours has a horchard, but he has the conscience to ax a shilling a basket, and in these times that's too much, your vorship.

Fid. A shilling a basket! that's a great deal of money: but I suppose I must pay it this once, just to get rid o' her. Here, Mrs. Sukey Scrub, here's a shilling for you, on condition that—[*He feels the linen.*] Why, I declare the linen is more than half dry already—there's sixpence for you to get the other half dried; and now pack up and be off, and, d'y'e hear, it won't suit me in future to have my arbour turned into a washhouse.

Polly. Vell, I go, your vorship; [*Packing up her linen.*] but ven you comes to reflect on my unfortunate situation, I'm sure you'll not refuse me permission to come here in future. Do consider my seventeen helpless babbies, and learn to imitate the humanity of 'Squire Viriligig.

Fid. Whirligig again! I'm sick of the very name.

Polly. Good by, your honour.

[*Exit, at the gate, C., with the basket on her head, singing.*]

Vill you, vill you, vill you, vill you come to the bower?

Fid. If I am to be annoyed in this manner, I shall soon repent having purchased Whirligig Hall—it seems situated in a vile neighbourhood.

Enter CLOD, from the cottage, L., rather tipsy.

Clod. [*Bawling out.*] Oh, ha! oh, dear, zur, only think.

Fid. You rascal! how dare you shout so loud?—Oh, my nerves!

Clod. Oh, zur! what a terrible unfortunate accident.

Fid. What accident, Clod?—Speak.

Clod. Why, zur, you must know, when I went down into the cellar to get you a jug o' nice mild ale, I found somebody had been there afore me, and let the cock run; for all the ale were a swimming ankle-deep on the ground.

Fid. Oh, my nerves! my best home-brewed! But you stopped the cock, of course, Clod?

Clod. [*Simpering stupidly.*] Noa, zur, I didn't do no such thing.

Fid. And why not, you blockhead?—Why not?

Clod. Because as how you told I always to look to number one; and 'twas number two that was running away: so I couldn't stop it, you know, zur—I always does as I'm bid.

Fid. You stupid rascal! get out of my sight, or I'll knock you down. I strongly suspect 'twas all your carelessness, for even now you're tipsy.

Clod. From the smell o' the mild ale, zur; nothing else, I do assure you.

Fid. The smell, indeed! Begone, sirrah, and, if possible, save the rest of my home-brewed—fly!

Clod. So I'm to look to number two as well as number one. Oh, if I had but a known that afore, this had never happened. I always does as I'm bid, your honour. [Exit.

Fid. [Sits down, exhausted.] What with drunken cobblers, impertinent washerwomen, and that stupid clown of a servant, I begin to think I shall find the cottage by the road-side, a purgatory, rather than a paradise. However, I am determined now to enjoy myself at last, and spend a comfortable afternoon in peace and quietness. [Goes into the arbour.

Enter JERRY, as an old female ballad-singer, with matches, &c., and followed by three or four ragged brats—they all place themselves opposite the arbour, and begin squalling and singing "Take Pity," &c.

SONG—JERRY, AND CHORUS OF BRATS.

AIR—"Hungarian Waltz."

Upon a poor woman without house or home,
By cruel misfortune compelled thus to roam,
Take pity, take pity, take pity, I pray,
And bestow a small trifle for kind charit—y.

Chorus. Take pity, take pity, take pity, we pray,
And bestow a small trifle for kind charit—y.

Each day in the morning we comes to this spot,
And we never stops bawling till some'at we've got.

Chorus. Take pity, take pity, take pity, we pray,
And bestow a small trifle for kind charit—y.

Fid. [Stopping his ears.] For mercy's sake, my good woman, do go away with those squalling brats! they are enough to stun an elephant.

Jerry. What, go away from a place where I've been in the habit of singing my ballads for I don't know how many years. No, no, your honour, I'm not such a flat.

[Repeats the chorus with the children.

Fid. What horrible howling and screaming! 'tis a

thousand times worse than a concert of cats, or an Indian yell. Begone, you confounded old hag! begone, I say.

Jerry. Indeed, I shan't. If your honour has got no ear for music, that a'nt no fault o' mine. Me and my young ones here, have often sung before the genteelest of company: there was the late 'Squire Whirligig for one, Heaven rest him! he——

Fid. That infernal Whirligig, again!

Jerry. Susan Squall, says he to me—my name's Susan Squall—Black-Eyed Susan he used to call me—you're welcome, says he, to come and sing at my house whenever you will, seeing as how I'm naturally fond of good wocal music. [*To the Children.*] Sing out, young ones.

[*Chorus, as before.*]

Fid. Oh, my nerves! [*Coming out of the arbour.*] Here, my good woman, here's a penny for you; and now, for mercy's sake, begone.

Jerry. What, for a penny?—La, sir, what's a penny among five of us?—Why, it isn't a farden a piece. I shan't go for a penny—the late 'Squire Whirligig never gave us less than a shilling.

Fid. A shilling! well, I suppose I must pay the money, to get rid of this infernal—a shilling, you said?—Well, here's elevenpence more for you. [*Counting the coppers into Jerry's hand.*] That, with the penny I gave you before, makes a shilling. Oh, my poor miserabe nerves!

Jerry. Many thanks to your honour! We are going now to sing at the races in the next town; so you must excuse us to-day—but we shall all be here again to-morrow morning, and then I'll bring my sister, Caroline Squall; she's got such a voice, your honour, and six young musical hamateurs. Good by, your worship, till to-morrow; then you'll have a dozen of us, at least, singing to you for two hours, by the clock.

[*Exit with Brats, c., singing.*]

Upon a poor woman without house or home.

Fid. [*Sinks, exhausted, on a chair near the arbour.*] Oh, my poor nerves! What ears could ever endure such horrible squalling?—Confound Whirligig Hall, I say. Egad! it actually seems as if the whole neighbourhood had joined in a conspiracy to annoy me.

Enter CLOD, from the cottage, with a jug of ale, and eating a slice of toast.

Clod. Well, zur, I've been taking care o' number two

as well as number one, this time; and here's a jug o' nice mild ale, to comfort your narvous agility.

Fid. Psha! you're a blockhead: my nervous debility, you mean. What's that you're eating, sirrah?

Clod. It's naught, zur, but a sop-i'-the-pan, that Betty the cook gave I. Dash my buttons, but she's a neatish wench; and we're both as comfortable together as two little pigs in clean straw. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Fid. I won't have you make too free with the maids, Clod—d'ye hear—I don't suffer such things: but say, hasn't the postman been here yet?

Clod. Ees, zur; and I've gotten a newspaper here in my pocket: it comes from Lunnun—Betty calls it the Times.

Fid. What Times, Clod?

Clod. Dang'd if I know, zur, whether it be good or bad times. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

[*Gives Fidget the newspaper done up as from the post-office.*]

Fid. [*Opening it.*] Ah, I see it is the right one; and now, as my poor eyes are very weak to-day—harkye, Clod—[*Turns round and sees him drinking at the table.*] Why, you scoundrel! harkye, can you read, Clod?

Clod. Ees, zur, I can read printing hand well enough, all but th' hard words, and them I skips and calls 'em French.

Fid. Well, fetch a couple of chairs, and sit you down by me, and read me the news as well as you can. [*Clod fetches two chairs from the arbour, and seats himself before his master, for which he is reproved.*] Now begin. [*Gives him the paper.*] Read me the leading article.

Clod. Stop a bit, zur; I can't find it yet. [*Turns the paper over and over.*] Ah, now I have it—here's the top, I know it by the picture: now for it. [*Spelling.*] To the gen-e-rous——

Fid. Well, to the generous—go on.

Clod. [*Repeating.*] To the generous—go on—that's not it, zur.

Fid. Well, read as it stands there—go on, I say.

Clod. [*Reads.*] “To the gen-e-rous f-rie-nds of G-r-eece—

Fid. Ah, that's interesting; to the generous friends of Greece—go on, Clod, go on.

Clod. The friends o' Greece! dang it! what sort o' fellows may they be?—Oh, I have it. Them's the chaps that buys the bears' fat to make their whiskers grow. Cousin Bob has some—he's one of the friends of grease.

Fid. Psha ! you're a blockhead : Greece is a country, and not bears' fat. Now proceed.

Enter JERRY, as a Young Drummer, at the gate, c.—he advances very quietly—places himself just at Fidget's left elbow, and begins to beat his drum, repeating at each stroke "Daddy, mammy," &c., as drummers do when learning to beat the roll, to enable them to strike in time—Fidget, in his fright, upsets Clod, and falls himself to the ground—ludicrous picture—Jerry still beating away, till, as if tired, he stops a moment to rest himself.

Clod. Dash my wig, but that chap has astonished my narvous agility, too, as well as my measter's.

[Rises, and helps Fidget up.]

Fid. Why, you abominable, good-for-nothing, audacious, noisy scoundrel ! how dare you come here, sir ?—Who the devil are you ? —

Jerry. My name, sir, is Timothy Thumpwell ; I come from the barracks about a mile off. I'm only a beginner, just learning to beat my "Daddy mammy," as we say in the army ; and so they send me to a retired spot to do it.

Clod. There's a barbarous young rascal ; he's larning to beat his feyther and mother : he's sure to come to the gallows.

Jerry. There's three more of us coming here to-morrow morning—such capital hands ; they can beat twice as loud and ten times as fast I can.

Clod. La, zur, that will be a treat for your narvous agility.

Fid. Hold your tongue, you stupid cub. *[To Jerry.]* Harkye, young man, you must take yourself off. I can't bear, nor will I have, such a noise on my premises.

Jerry. I'm sorry for it, sir ; but I must beat my time out. *[He again beats away, louder than before.]*

Fid. *[To Clod.]* Stop him ! stop him, Clod ! hold his hands ! *[Clod goes behind Jerry, and seizes his arms.]*

Clod. You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, to make such a noise. Don't you see how you astonish my poor measter's narvous agility ?

Jerry. Oh, if that's the case, I'll go for to-day ; so good by, your honour, till to-morrow morning—then you'll have four of us, just for three hours, at least. Good by, your honour—"Daddy ! mammy !"

[Exit, beating his drum.]

Fid. Run after the drummer-boy, d'ye hear, and pro-

misc him half-a-crown, if he stops away with his noisy companions. [*Clod hesitates.*] Why don't you go, sirrah?

Clod. He'll be sure to ax for the half-crown, zur.

Fid. What money my folly has cost me! But I suppose I must bribe the scoundrel. There, now, run after him, or you'll be too late.

Clod. [*Aside.*] The drummer-boy may go to the devil; the half-crown goes into my pocket. [*Exit at the gate, c.*]

Fid. Plague take the cottage and its abominable nuisances. I wish I had my thousand pounds again in my pocket. Mercy on me! why, Smithfield on a Monday morning is scarcely more noisy, or Newgate itself more full of pickpockets. I've been swindled out of more money to-day, than would have kept me for a week.

Enter POLLY, as a theatrical Managress and Ballet-dancer—she sits down beside old Fidget, and pretends to be so near-sighted, that she supposes she is conversing with the late 'Squire Whirligig—she speaks very quick, not allowing him to put in a word.

Polly. At length we meet again, my dear and most amiable 'squire. We come as usual to perform at Whirligig Hall, and our company is not inferior to any in the united kingdom. Since last we met, the management has devolved on me; my poor husband, Mr. Marmaduke Maypole, having unfortunately fallen from the clouds in the burletta of Midas, and broken his neck. But I conduct the concern with equal spirit, and, I may say, with justice, we are multum in parvo. We are no stars, sir, but suns; suns of the very first magnitude. We intend opening this season at Whirligig Hall, with Der Freischutz, and if you please to accept of the part of Zamiel, it is very much at your service. You really would make a capital Zamiel. You will find an abundance of talent among us, sir: in particular, we have engaged, at a most tremendous expense, one Mademoiselle Dumplino, a renowned French songstress, whose divine melody of voice was not surpassed, even by that which, in days of yore, caused stones to move, and trees to speak: 'tis true, the figure of Mademoiselle Dumplino is somewhat against her, for she's not above three feet and a half high; but when she sings, she becomes a Venus, and, as you are still a single gentleman, I am

confident she would not have the least objection to accept of you as her Adonis. [Sings.]

“ Sure, such a pair was never seen,
So justly formed to meet by nature.”

Fid. [*Rises, nearly distracted.*] Madam, for heaven's sake, have mercy on your own tongue and my ears; and, first of all, pray tell me if you are blind as well as mad? You address me as an old acquaintance; but if you had the use of your senses, you'd perceive at once that I am not the 'squire.

Polly. Not 'Squire Whirligig! [*Looking at him through her opera-glass.*] And pray, little old gentleman, who are you, then? [Walking round him.]

Fid. [*Aside.*] Little old gentleman! Curse her impudence! [*Aloud.*] My name, madam, is Mr. Zacharias Fidget, late of Pudding Lane, London, stock-broker, retired: and now I beg leave to decline all further acquaintance.

Polly. And our dear amiable 'Squire Whirligig—where is he?

Fid. Psha! Whirligig again! hang the fellow! He is gone to—to heaven, I hope. Of course, you know, ma'am, that he is dead.

Polly. [*Assuming a tragedy air.*] Dead! oh, dreadful tidings! Dead! our best friend, our patron, dead! Where is my pocket-handkerchief, and my spirits of lavender? [*Takes both out of her reticule, affecting grief.*] Mourn, ye disciples of Thespis! weep, ye daughters of Melpomene! for your Whirligig is no more! Yet be comforted; for there stands his worthy successor [*Pointing to Fidget.*], the inheritor of all his virtues—in whose expressive countenance I read taste, genius, generosity. Yes, sir, on you do we now build our hopes—you shall be our new Whirligig.

[*She takes him round the waist, and waltzes with him rapidly, singing the air—till at length, letting him suddenly go, he spins round once or twice from excessive giddiness, and then falls to the ground.*]

Fid. Curse the woman! she has made a whirligig of me with a vengeance.

Polly. [*Helping him up.*] I hope, sir, you are not hurt. And now adieu, most amiable Mr. Fidget. Our company, baggage-waggons, and all, will be here immediately. You'll only have five-and-twenty of us to provide for this season—last year there were no less than thirty.

Fid. Five-and-twenty play-actors, to eat me out of house and home! oh, my nerves! Damn it, madam! I'll have nothing at all to do with your gang.

Polly. Gang! why, what do you mean by that, you little insignificant hop-o'-my thumb, you! but no matter: you'll change your mind, I know, ere long—for only consider, what would the neighbouring gentlefolks say?

Fid. Confound the gentlefolks!

Polly. Besides reflect on the reputation of Whirligig Hall.

Fid. Damn Whirligig-Hall!

Polly. Oh, never fear! you're a sweet little man, and will be delighted with us. Adieu! most amiable of 'squires! you may expect us all, in half an hour—do let me have another waltz with you before I go.

[*Exit, waltzing and singing at the gate, C. F.*]

Fid. [*Retreating into a corner.*] She wants to make a whirligig of me again! Confound her fal-la-las, say I! Oh, that I could but get rid of this infernal cottage without any serious loss! what a happy man I should be.

Enter JERRY, R., as MADemoisELLE DUMPLINO—By means of a basket dress, with a little stool mounted on rollers behind, for facilitating motion, he appears to be no more than three feet and a half high.

Jerry. [*Fanning himself affectedly.*] Bon jour! my dear and most amiable monsieur, I have hear from de Madame Maypole, our managress, dat you be de present proprietor of de Virligig Hall.

Fid. Unfortunately, I am; and pray, my little lady, who are you? and what's your business with me?

Jerry. (c.) Oh, sir, I be de Mademoiselle Dumplino, principal bravura singer in de company of de Madame Maypole.

Fid. So, Miss Dumplino; one of the five-and-twenty, already! oh, I shall certainly go mad! and the rest of the troop?

Jerry. Dey will be all here, monsieur, in von minuet—as for me, I come on before in my own carriage, to have de. felicità to pay you my devoirs: you be such nice little man, I know I shall love you vera much.

Fid. Shall you, indeed! mercy on us! what will the world come to? an actress keep her carriage.

Jerry. Belive me, sir, dat is nothing so very extraordinary. Some actors and actresses keep dere carriage,

while others, of equal talent, walk de streets neglected ; but we never be neglected here, at Viriligig Hall. No, no ; you give us every day de nice roast pudding, and de charmante plum beef ; and ve vill all live vid you, says Madame Maypole, like de angels in de Paradise.

Fid. Indeed ! But I am very much inclined to think you'll find yourselves most cursedly disappointed this time.

Jerry. Ah, non, monsieur, impossible ! For, ven you shall see Madame Maypole dance, and hear me sing, you vill be so enchanté, dat you give de money out your pocket till it be quite empty. Attendez ! you shall hear.

[Runs a cadence in the bravura style.]

Fid. *[Stopping his cars.]* Oh, my nerves ! And d'ye call that singing ? Why, that's worse than the old beggar-woman, or even the drummer-boy.

Jerry. Drummer-boy ! Oh, you mean Le Petit Tambour. Attendez.

Fid. I'd rather be excused.

[Jerry holds him fast by the skirt of the coat, and sings a verse of the French song, "Le Petit Tambour de la Garde Nationale," and adds a cadence, at the conclusion of which, frightened at the terribly scientific shake, poor old Fidget breaks away and runs into the cottage.]

Jerry. *[Rising to his own natural size.]* Oh, dear ! Oh, dear ! I declare my legs are almost cramped to death. I think old Fidget is pretty well sick of his bargain by this time, however. I have sent Polly to see how the land lies, and then—Ah, here comes another of the family. I must be cautious.

[Squats down again as Mademoiselle Dumplino.]*

Enter CLOD, at the gate, c.

Clod. I couldn't catch the drummer-boy, but found a good ale-house, where I contrived to spend the half-crown quite comfortably. *[Seeing Jerry.]* Eh ! my stars ! there's a crummy little piece o' goods ! *[Bowing awkwardly.]* How d'ye do, ma'am—miss ?

Jerry. *[Affectedly, half concealing his face with his fan.]* Pretty vell, sir, I tank you.

* The little stool on rollers is fastened round Jerry's waist, and, of course, when he rises, is concealed by his wide petticoats. The effect is exceedingly comic, for, when he stands on his legs, his female garb only extends to his knees, yet there is no indecency in this, as he has stockings, &c. on underneath.

Clod. Zur! to me, dang it! what a rare nice little body she is. I say, miss, 'pon my life, now, you be most carnation pratty.

Jerry. Oh, you only flatter me, sir.

Clod. [*Sniggering.*] I say, miss, you would have no objection, would you, now, just to give us a bit of a buss?—I should like a kiss o' those pratty lips, just for—

Jerry. Oh, fie, sir! you make me blush all over. [*Crossing hastily to R.*] Oh, fie!

Clod. [*Aside.*] Well, dang it! though she's a rum one to look at, she's a good one to go. But I say, you must gi' us a buss, though: don't stand shilly shally, but give it us plump at once.

Jerry. [*Suddenly rising to his natural size.*] Then take it.

[*Knocking him down, and running off at the gate, C. F.*]

Clod. [*Bawling, and his nose bleeding.*] Oh, murder! oh, she's knocked my eye out, and broken the bridge o' my nose! Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Enter FIDGET, from the cottage, L.

Fid. Why, Clod, my boy, what ails thee?—What a face you've got: how did it happen?

Clod. Why, that little crummy French body, as she appeared to be, has knocked me down, for axing her for a buss—and I'm sure I meant no harm by it.

[*Whimpers.*]

Fid. What, that little creature?—Psha! impossible.

Clod. Little! egad! she's six foot high if she's an inch.

Fid. Hardly three, you mean: you are drunk, sirrah, and see double.

Clod. [*Holding his hands over his right eye.*] I be afeard I shall only see single all the rest o' my life, though. Oh, my poor eye!

Fid. Don't shout so loud! there, now, get thee in doors, and wash thy face, and send Polly to me—d'ye hear?—And if thou art a good lad, I'll take thee with me to London, for I'm determined to leave this infernal Whirligig Hall.

Clod. So do, your honour; and if ever I catch that outlandish little great body again, I'll have revenge for the loss of my eye. Oh! [*Exit into the cottage, crying.*]

Fid. Yes, it shall be so: though I lose a trifle by it, I'll resell the cottage to the first customer I can find,

and never leave the smoke of dear London again as long as I live. I wish old Sterling had been beforehand with me ; I should have gloried in his being exposed to all the nuisances I have this day suffered, for I hate him—he's one of your old-fashioned upright and downright merchants, who never fancies an underhanded bargain, and is no more fit to live in our times, than in those of Nebuchadnezzar.

Re-enter CLOD, from the cottage, L.

Clod. Oh, dear zur, worse and worse !

Fid. Why, what now, Clod ?

Clod. Oh, zur, only think, as I was a washing my poor nose, I chanced to look over the garden wall, and what d'ye think I seed ?

Fid. What, Clod, what ?

Clod. There's a madhouse, you know, hard by—a sort of a rheumatic—no—a lunatic asylum. I'll be hanged if one o' the mad chaps a'nt broke loose, and is now playing at skittles with the turnips and cabbages.

Fid. A madman run, Clod, and fetch my gun to shoot him.

Clod. That would astonish his narvous agility, I think. [*Going.*] Oh, la, zur ! here he comes ! Oh ! oh !

[*Runs into the corner, L.—Fidget retreats to the corner, R.*]

Enter JERRY, at the gate, C., as a Madman, fantastically dressed with straws, flowers, &c.

Jerry. (L. c.) The silver moon that shines so bright,
The modest queen of night—ah ! what is that ?
On yon light airy cloud that floats along the sky ?
It is—it is—ha, ha, ha ! an elephant in silk
Stockings—no, 'tis an ape, an ugly grinning ape.
Dost grin at me ?—I have him by the nose.

[*Running up to Old Fidget, R., and pulling off his wig.*]

Behold, thus do I hurl him to perdition ! [*Throws the wig in Clod's face.*] And now for my revenge ! [*Seising Fidget.*] This is the wretch ! the villain ! who basely murdered my poor wife and fourteen children ! I'll have his life ! I'll strangle him !

Clod. (L.) Oh, you old sinner ! to murder the poor man's wife and fourteen children.

Jerry. He shall not escape me ! in vain did my little innocents plead for mercy. Like that accursed tyrant,

damned Macbeth, he butchered every one of them—ay, all my little chickens and their dam. Oh, horror! horror!

[*He shakes old Fidget violently, and falls exhausted at his feet.*]

Fid. He is mad, indeed, Clod! Call Polly to bring my gun.

Clod. Call her yourself, you old butcher; you want to commit more murders, do you?

Fid. Call Polly, I say, or he may murder you.

Clod. Polly! Polly! come here, you're wanted.

Enter POLLY from the cottage, L.

Polly. Did you call, sir?

Fid. Yes, Polly; fetch my gun to shoot this madman.

[*Jerry winks at Polly.*]

Polly. Shoot him, sir? Heaven forbid! why, bless you, he's as harmless as a child.

Clod. Heaven help him, I say, that's the feyther o' many such children.

Jerry. [*Slowly rising.*] Hark! hark! there is a wedding in the moon—two fools are going to marry. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! there'll be a rare breed for you—to the dogs with sorrow! I'll be merry—ah! surely this is my estate—this park—this cottage, all belong to me.

Fid. I wish to the lord they did, and I had my money in my pocket.

Jerry. The whole was given me by 'Squire Whirligig—what have you done with him? [*Seizes old Fidget.*] Where is my Whirligig? Tell me, or I'll be the death of you.

Fid. Clod! Clod! take him away from me, and I'll give you sixpence.

Jerry. Clod! who is he?

Fid. Yonder he stands; see! he'll tell you about 'Squire Whirligig.

Clod. Oh, lord! now it be my turn.

Jerry. [*Lets Fidget go and snatches up a long staff.*] Then, with this blunderbuss, I'll blow Clod's brains out.

Clod. Oh, lord! I be a dead man, if I dont run for't.

Jerry. Hold him fast! hang! shoot! drown! massacre that murderer!

[*Upsetting old Fidget, and running off after Clod.*]

Fid. [*On the ground.*] Oh, my nerves.

Polly. [*Pretending to cry.*] Oh, dear! oh, dear! I hope he hasn't hurt you, sir?

Fid. Oh, Polly, I'm more dead than alive.

Polly. [*Helping him up*] That madman, poor Mr. Octavius Moonshine, is certainly more boisterous to-day than ever I knew him before.

Fid. What, did you ever see him before, Polly?

Polly. La, bless you, sir, he comes here regularly three times a week.

Fid. Why did I ever buy this cursed cottage?—This infernal Whirligig Hall?

Polly. You know, sir, I cautioned you against it—but all to no purpose.

Fid. Do you think the young man who was here this morning about purchasing the cottage for his master, old Mr. Sterling, is still in the village?

Polly. I really can't say, sir; but I can easily inquire.

Fid. Do so, Polly,—there's a good girl: only assist me to get rid of my infernal bargain without much loss, and I'll make you a very handsome present.

Polly. Well, sir, I'll do my best; but you recollect—a handsome present.

Fid. Ay, a very handsome present; so now run away, and see what you can do for me. What would I not give to be at this moment in Pudding Lane.

Polly. As I live, sir, here comes the very young man himself. Well, that is lucky

Enter JERRY, in his livery, R. U. E.

Jerry. Mr. Fidget, I feel particularly obliged to you, for refusing my master's money this morning for the cottage.

Fid. Why so, young man?

Jerry. Because I'm informed it is situated in a most shocking neighbourhood, full of nuisances of all kinds.

Fid. No such thing, young man; you've been misinformed, I can assure you. This young woman will vouch for the truth of what I say.

[*Aside.*] Speak to him, Polly.

Polly. I will, sir. [*Standing between Fidget and Jerry, holding out her hand behind her.*] You recollect, sir, you said a very handsome present. [*To Jerry.*] This cottage, sir, is—a cottage—

Fid. [*Giving her small pieces of money from time to time.*] Go on, Polly, I'll not forget you.

Polly. [*To Jerry.*] It is a cottage—comfortable, agreeable—[*To Fidget.*] La, sir, you said a handsome present.

[*To Jerry.*] rural, retired—[*To Fidget.*] Oh, very well, sir, since you're so stingy, I can match you. [*To Jerry.*] In short, sir, the cottage is well enough, but then there's a drunken cobbler, a washerwoman, a ballad-singer, and a madman.

Jerry. A madman!

Fid. [*Giving her his purse.*] There, damn it, take it all.

Polly. [*To Jerry.*] Yes, sir; but they never come here.

[*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Fid. No, no, they never come here.

Jerry. Oh, then, in that case, you don't feel inclined to part with the cottage?

Fid. Why, yes: the country air does not altogether agree with my nerves; and, as I have a great friendship for your master, I will let him have it for what it cost me, a thousand pounds: remarkably cheap.

Jerry. A thousand pounds! why, I would not give five hundred.

Fid. That's too great a loss.

Jerry. And so I suppose I must look out for another cottage. Good day to you, sir.

Clod. [*Without.*] This way, zur: take care how you step over the stile.

Polly. La, sir! as I live, here's the madman again.

Fid. I say, young man, at a word, you shall have the cottage for eight hundred pounds.

Jerry. [*Aside.*] That's just two hundred less than my master authorized me to give for it. [*To Fidget.*] Well, old gentleman, [*Giving notes.*] here's your money.

Fid. And here's the lease;—I've lost two hundred pounds, 'tis true; but never mind, I'm rid of my confounded bargain, that's one comfort.

Enter CLOD, showing in MR. STERLING.

Clod. This way, zur, if you please.

Mr. S. [*To Jerry.*] So, sir, I have found you at last, have I?—What's the reason you didn't meet me at the inn, as I appointed?—What have you been about?

Jerry. Buying the cottage for you, sir, as you ordered me. Here is the lease, and, what's more, I've executed your commands for two hundred pounds less than you had fixed on.

Fid. Oh, my nerves!

Mr. S. Egad! then, you're a cleverer fellow than I

took you for: but how is this?—I was informed the cottage had been already purchased by Mr. Fidget.

Fid. So it was, sir; but I have just resold it to your very clever servant, Mr. Jerry; and I wish you joy of your bargain with all my heart. [*Chuckling.*] And I can tell you, Mr. Sterling, when you get acquainted with your neighbours, you'll wish the devil had the cottage by the road-side. Stop till the madman comes. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Clod. Pray, sir, consider your narvous agility.

Fid. Hold thy tongue, blockhead!

Mr. S. How is this, Jerry?—Is the neighbourhood a bad one?

Jerry. None of the best, sir, I fear; for I've heard there's a madhouse close by, from which the lunatics sometimes escape, and, whenever they do, they seize on the first person that comes in their way. [*Seizes Fidget, and acts the madman.*] Ah, you old murderer! where is 'Squire Whirligig? [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Fid. Oh, my nerves! and were you the madman?

Jerry. And then there's a little French woman, one Mademoiselle Dumplino—[*Squats down as before.*] Ah, my dear little monsieur, how you do?—I be very glad to see you.

Clod. Dang it! if that ben't the very chap as knocked my eye out.

Polly. And then, sir, you have Madame Maypole and her five-and-twenty players. What say you to a waltz? Will you be our new Whirligig? [*Waltzes to her own voice.*]

Fid. Oh, you huzzy! so you were Madame Maypole! Oh, my poor nerves!

Jerry. [*As the Drummer.*] There'll be three of us to-morrow, beating our daddy, mammy. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha,

Fid. The drummer-boy, too!

Jerry. [*As the old Ballad-Singer.*] I always comes here to sing my ballads. [*Singing.*]

Take pity, take pity, take pity, I pray, &c.

Fid. Was ever such villany heard of before?

Polly. [*As Washerwoman.*] Pray, sir, remember poor Sukey Scrub, the vashervoman, left a widow with seventeen helpless children. [*Sings.*]

Vill you, vill you, vill you, vill you come to the bower
[*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Jerry. [*As the Cobbler.*] 'Hope your honour won't forget Sam Wax, the honest, sober cobbler:—

“ I've been drinking, I've been drinking.”

[*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Fid. This is clearly a most infamous conspiracy to swindle me out of my cottage; but I'll be revenged! I'll commence law proceedings! I'll—

Mr. S. Stop, stop, Mr. Fidget, if you please: I think you are the very last man in the world, who ought to complain of being swindled—think of all your ill-gotten pelf, and be content it's no worse with you.

Fid. Keep your advice, sir, to yourself—as for me, I'll return to Pudding Lane, and end my days there; and, since you have overreach'd me, may you meet with all the evils in reality which I have suffered only in appearance; may the stocks rise whenever you wish to buy, and fall when you're obliged to sell; may you all come to the stocks! [*Exit at the gate, c. F.*]

Mr. S. A malicious old rogue! but, Jerry, you have managed matters so cleverly, that I not only pardon your delay, but make you a present of the two hundred pounds you have saved, as a marriage portion with your dear Polly.

Jerry. }
 & } Thanks, generous benefactor.
Polly. }

Clod. And I hope your worship will keep me, too. you'll find me honest, industrious, and very sober.

Mr. S. Well, I'll give you a trial, at all events; and now for the rural felicity I have so long wished to enjoy.

Jerry. [*To Mr. Sterling.*] In future, sir, I shall be more punctual in obeying your commands; however, you approve of my humble endeavours, [*To the Audience*] and if I have but the same success with my honoured friends here, I am content; I trust they, too, will forget and forgive, though I did come a day after the fair.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Clod.	Polly.	Jerry.	Mr. Sterling.
R.]			[L.

THE END

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